

MASONIC CASKET.

BY EBENEZER CHASE.

And now abideth FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, these three; but the greatest of these is CHARITY." ST. PAUL.

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FOR THE CASKET.

An Address to the brethren of Allegany Lodge, delivered on the festival of St. John, the Evangelist, 5824. By BROTHER ASA L. DAVISON.

Brethren,

If the holiness of my life, the rectitude of my conduct, and my knowledge of the mysteries of masonry, were equal to those of our venerable patron, whose natal day we have met to commemorate, when indeed, might I venture fearlessly on the duty, which you have assigned to me. But, as it is, I must beg the indulgence of those, who have travelled far beyond me, and of those, who may expect some instruction on this occasion.

This day has long been held among masons as a festival, in honour of one of the greatest and best of our order, St. John, the Evangelist—and it becomes our duty on this occasion, to call to mind and seriously reflect upon the virtues and principles of that excellent man, whom Jesus loved.

His conduct was in all respects in strict conformity to the rules and principles inculcated by our mystic art. Faith, Hope, and Charity were ever in his view; and were exemplified in the whole course of his conduct. His faith in God was unshaken in the severest trials—his hope in immortality was the anchor to his soul, by which he was safely moored on the swelling tide of affliction; and

charity, which speaketh no evil, and covers a brother's faults, was a striking feature in his amiable character. Before we proceed farther with the character of our venerable patron, we would do well to reflect on this his great and distinguishing virtue, *charity*—It is a word much used, a principle much professed, but perhaps not well understood.

"Charity is the same with benevolence, and is the term generally made use of in the New Testament, to denote all the good affections, which we ought to bear to one another. It consists not in speculative ideas of general benevolence, floating in the head and leaving the heart, as speculations too often do, cold and untouched. Neither is it confined to that indolent good nature, which makes us satisfied with being free from inveterate malice, or ill will to our fellow creatures, without pressing us into the service of any"—True Charity is a far different principle from this; it is an active principle. It is not properly a single virtue, but a disposition residing in the heart, as a fountain from which all the virtues of benignity, candour, forbearance, generosity, compassion, and liberality, flow as so many native streams. From general good will to all, it extends its influence particularly to those with whom we stand in nearest connection, and who are directly within the sphere of our good offices. From the

country or community to which we belong, it ascends to the smaller association of neighbourhood, relations, and friends; and spreads itself over the whole circle of social and domestic life. I would not be understood, that it implies a promiscuous undistinguished affection, which gives every man an equal title to our regard. Charity, if we should attempt to carry it so far, would be rendered an impracticable virtue; and would resolve itself into mere words without affecting the heart.—But true charity does not attempt to shut our eyes to the distinctions of good and bad men; nor does it attempt to warm our hearts equally to those, who befriend, and those, who injure us. It reserves our esteem for good men, and complacency for our friends. Towards our enemies it inspires forgiveness, humanity, and a solicitude for their welfare. It breathes universal candour and liberality of sentiment; it forms gentleness of temper, and dictates affability of manners; it prompts corresponding sympathies with those who weep, and with those who rejoice; it teaches us to slight and despise no man. Charity is the comforter of the afflicted, the protector of the oppressed, the reconciler of differences, the intercessor for offenders. It is faithfulness in the friend, care and attention in the parent; in children it is reverence and submission. In a word it is the soul of social life; it is the sun, that enlivens and cheers the abodes of men. “It is like the dew of Hermon,” says the Psalmist, “and the dew that descended on the mountains of Zion, where the Lord commanded the blessing even life forever more.”

Let us try ourselves by this description of charity—and is it possible that a man possessed of such passions, such weakness, and sur-

rounded with such difficulties as one of us, can feel and practice this amiable virtue? The answer is plain. The life of St. John is as the midday sun to the faint glimmerings of a distant star, when compared with this description of this heavenly virtue.

“After the death of Domitian, this venerable apostle left Patmos, and governed the Asiatic churches, where he remained till the death of Trajan. At the request of his brethren he visited the neighbouring churches.—At one place in his tour, he observed a very handsome young man, whom he warmly recommended to the care of a particular pastor. The young man was baptized, and for a long time lived as a christian; but being gradually corrupted by bad company, he became idle and intemperate, and at length the captain of a band of robbers. Some time after John had occasion to inquire of the pastor concerning the young man, who told him that he was now dead to God, and inhabited a mountain over against his church. John, in the vehemence of his Charity, went to the place and suffered himself to be taken by the robbers.—Bring me said he to your captain.—The captain beheld him coming, but being struck with shame he fled.—The aged apostle followed him, and, crying after him, said, my son, why fleest thou from thy father, he is unarmed and old? Fear not, as yet there remaineth hope of salvation; believe me, Christ hath sent me. Hearing this, the young man stood still, trembled, and wept bitterly.—John prayed for, and exhorted him, and brought him back to the society of christians; nor did he leave him, till he was fully restored by divine grace.”

We have another story of St. John, which, though short, is ve-

ly affecting. Being now very old and unable to say much in christian assemblies; "Children, love one another," was his constantly repeated sermon. Being asked why he so often told them one thing, he answered that nothing else was needed; implying, that so long as they retained a lively sense of brotherly love, they would be alive to every other duty.

John the Evangelist lived an hundred years—to all Christians and Masons a pattern of charity and goodness, greater than I know how to describe. Brethren, his were the virtues, which constitute the value of masonry—the virtues which we are bound to imitate, and which I hope will ever distinguish our order. It was for their promulgation that our art was instituted; and it is on their practice that we must rest our hopes of being admitted into "that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

It may not be uninteresting to make a few remarks on the necessity of an institution, which should warmly engage its members to assist each other in rendering life comfortable, and in the practice of virtue, let us view the condition of mankind in the mirror of our history.

"Life, thou art a variegated scene
Of mingled light and shade, of joy
and woe;
A sea, where storms and calms
promiscuous reign,
A river, where sweet and bitter
waters flow."

Mankind were ever, as they now are, situated in a world of dangers, hardships, and misfortunes; although they always possessed a social principle, yet they had to contend with evil and unfriendly passions, which frequently renders man the greatest ene-

my of man. And surely, "without a friend the world is but a wilderness." Thus, in the early ages of the world, impelled by an inherent social principle, viewing the situation mankind were in, the enlightened and benevolent few, after many proofs of each other's worthiness and fidelity, meeting together on the highest hills or in the lowest vallies, imparted to each other the valuable secrets, which they had learned from the tressel board of nature, or which had been revealed to them by the great Architect of the universe. Uniting themselves in the strongest ties of brotherly love and friendship, and improving themselves in the design of benefiting their kindred, their friends, and finally the whole human race, they communicated to each other the various arts and designs of curious and useful workmanship, which they professed; and at the same time, that their hearts might be improved while their hands were employed, they taught the moral of their instruments and models; that thereby they might be ever in mind of their duty to themselves, their obligations to their Creator, and to each other. Thus, whilst they were smoothing the rough ashler, they might be reminded of their duty, to divest their minds and consciences of vice and folly—whilst they were applying the guage, in measuring and laying out their work, they might be reminded of a division of time, that a part might be devoted to the service of a needy brother, and the adoration of heaven—And whilst they were squaring their angles, and circumscribing their circles, that they might be reminded to square their actions by the rule of virtue, and to keep their passions within due bounds—Whilst they were using the level, or the plumb, they

might be ever mindful of the level of time, on which they were travelling to that unknown country beyond the grave, "from whose bourne no traveller returns," and that an upright conduct alone could insure a happy reception there.

After the death of David, King of Israel, Solomon his son undertook to build a house for the Lord, agreeably to the models and patterns, which had been shown unto David. In reverence to that God to whom this building was to be dedicated, the sound of any tool of metal was not to be heard on its walls; and that no contention or discord might exist among the thousands of workmen employed, except the contention, or rather emulation, who best could work, or best agree. The master builders of that stupendous work were probably the first to constitute regular lodges, based on the principle of mutual aid, charity, and brotherly love.

It is rational to suppose that after the completion of that holy temple, many of the workmen, being perfected in their art, and having received their rewards, found it expedient to travel into foreign countries to seek employment, and that from them masonry has been disseminated almost through the known world; teaching the princes and potentates of the earth with the lowest worthy subject—the strong with the weak, the rich with the poor—and raising the condition of the unfortunate to that of the more prosperous—uniting all who receive its benefits in one indissoluble band of brothers.—Bound by the strongest ties to promote each other's happiness and prosperity, they fly to the relief of those, whose outstretched arms supplicate their assistance, regardless of perils or danger,—and, finally, to extend

charity and benevolence to all mankind.

In the purity of design what a glorious institution. No discord or malevolence to enter our walls, or to distract our work, where and by which we are taught to regard the whole human race as one family, and the God of heaven as the father of all; and to consider virtue and talents as the only sure title to our special regard, and the only claim to superiority and promotion among men. With such views and such principles we are capable of duly appreciating the blessings of liberty, and are zealously devoted to the government of our country, so long as that government guarantees the rights of man. The principles of our order teach us to regard not a brother only, but his widow and poor orphans, if in distressed circumstances, are sought out and relieved.

If such are the principles and such the effects of masonry, who will deny that it has contributed largely, with christianity, in effecting that favourable change, which has been wrought on society and governments? That such are its principles and such its effects is known to every mason.—Let our conduct be such as to prepare every liberal mind, though not illuminated by the light of masonry, to admit the fact.—Let us be doubly cautious over all our words and actions.—Let us live for the benefit of mankind, to the honour of the craft, and to the examples of our great and worthy patron, to whom this day is consecrated.

Every man hath just as much vanity as he wants understanding. Amusement is the employment of those, who cannot think.

EXTRACTS FROM ANCIENT RECORDS.

(Continued from page 126.)

The state of Masonry from Grand Master CYRUS, to Grand Master SELEUCUS NICATOR.

Cyrus, whom the Almighty Architect had fore-ordained to execute his decrees for restoring his chosen people, the freeborn children of Israel, and for rebuilding the holy temple at Jerusalem; having founded the Persian empire, issued out his decree for restoring the Jews unto their own land, and for rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem; and constituted Zerubbabel, the son of Salathiel, his provincial Grand Master in the land of Judea, the lineal heir of David's royal race and prince of the reduction, with the high priest Jeshuah his deputy; under the title of Tirshatha, by immediate commission from him. And all the vessels of gold and silver brought to Babylon from Jerusalem were, by this decree, ordered to be delivered by Mithredath, the king's treasurer, to Zerubbabel, who carried them back to Jerusalem. The vessels that were at this time restored amounted to 5400. The remainder was brought back by Ezra, in the reign of Artaxerxes Longimanus, many years after. But before the temple was half finished, Cyrus died, which then put a stop to the work.

Twenty years after the founding of the temple, Zerubbabel finished it, and celebrated the cape stone; and next year its consecration or dedication was solemnized. And though it came far short of Solomon's temple in extent and decorations, nor had in it the cloud of glory or divine Shechinah, and the holy relics of Moses; yet being reared in the Solomonian stile, it was the finest building upon earth.

The Sidonians were frank and

liberal towards this work, as in the days of Hiram, bringing down cedar planks in abundance from Libanus to the sea-shore, and from thence into the port of Joppa, as they had been ordered first by Cyrus, and after him by Darius. Here, also, the curious craftsmen held stated and regular lodges, as in the days of Solomon; associated with the Master Masons, giving lectures, and strictly adhering to good old usages.

After the erection of Solomon's, or, as some think, the second temple, the royal art was brought into Greece, where the craft was encouraged to the utmost, and geometry every where cultivated with uncommon industry; many noble structures were erected, which to this day shew their former magnificence and grandeur, though many of those early performances of the Greeks in architecture have been lost in the ruins of time.

Pythagoras lived twenty-two years among the Egyptian priests, till sent by Cambyses to Babylon and Persia, A. M. 3480, where he picked up great knowledge among the Chaldean Magians, and Babylonish Jews; and returned to Greece the year that Zerubbabel's temple was finished, A. M. 3489.

But after Pythagoras, geometry was the darling study of the Greeks, and their learned men reduced the noble science to the use of the ingenious mechanics of all sorts, that perform by geometry, as well as the operators in stone or brick.

And as masonry kept pace with geometry, so many lodges appeared, especially in the Grecian republics, where liberty, trade, and learning flourished; as at Sicyon, Athens, Corinth, and the cities of Ionia, till they arrived at thier beautiful Doric, Ionic, and Corinthian orders.

From this time we date the strict union between the free and accepted masons, which has subsisted ever since in all regular lodges.

Greece now abounded with the best architects, sculptors, statuary, painters, and other fine designers; most of them educated at the academies of Athens and Sic-
yon, who instructed many artists and fellow crafts to be the best operators upon earth; so that the nations of Asia and Africa, who had taught the Greeks, were now taught by them.

(To be continued.)



DIED,

On Sunday, June 5th, A. L. 5825, in the 30th year of his age, at Columbia, N. H. Companion Jonathan Elkins Ward, Master of Evening Star Lodge, No. 37.

He was interred the following day at Colebrook, with masonic honours in form.

By his death his bereaved widow has lost an affectionate husband, two orphan children, a tender parent, masons, a worthy brother, and society, a valuable citizen. His modest, amiable, and unassuming manners endeared him to all his acquaintances, doubly so to masons; for where he was best known he was best beloved.

Although he ever lived a strictly moral life, his hopes of eternal salvation were not founded on any works of his own, but on the mediation of his bleeding Lord, by whose strong arm alone he hoped to be raised to immortality. He never made a public profession of religion, but to his intimate friends professed a hope that he had met with a change of heart, and they have now the satisfaction to be-

lieve, that he has gained admission into "that Grand Lodge above, where the supreme Architect of the universe presides."

To HIM, who all things understood,
To HIM, who furnished stone and wood,

To HIM, who nobly spilt his blood,
In doing of his duty:

We hail the day! we hail the morn!

On which these three great men were born!

Who did the temple thus adorn
With WISDOM, STRENGTH, and BEAUTY.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAND MASONIC HALL OF KENTUCKY.

It is situated on the N. E. side of main st. in Lexington, about the centre of the third square below the Court-house. The lot is 71 feet in front, and runs back to Short street, a distance of nearly 215 feet. The main building fronts 63 feet on main st. and extends back 53 ft. in the rear of the main building there is an addition which is connected with the main, of 35 feet wide and 63 feet deep, in the rear, forming an Octagon, making the whole depth of the building 115 feet—the whole block is three stories high, rising from the foundation 48 feet to the cornice. The front of the building is to be embellished with six stone columns, with corresponding pilasters and a balcony on the top, extending about 36 feet with the front of the building. The second story presents a range of large venetian arched windows, the centre one being 10 by 16 feet. An ornamental window of the same character occupies the centre range of the third story, with a pediment at the top of the building, immediately over it, displaying

suitable and appropriate Masonic Emblems.

The grand entrance is in the centre of the front, ten feet wide, and presents a large vestibule with a spacious lobby on the right and left are two large rooms, calculated for offices or store rooms—from this lobby you pass in upon the lower floor of the addition in the rear of the main building, which is intended for a FREE SCHOOL, being a room 60 by 32 feet. Upon the right of the lobby a broad and elegant Geometrical flight of stairs leads you into the 2d story, front of which exhibits a spacious room 60 by 25 feet, designed for a banqueting room, a room in the rear of this 21 by 24 feet, intended for a refectory, together with a large anti-chamber or receiving room constitute the 2d floor of the main building; from this anti chamber you enter through large and spacious venetian doors into the GRAND HALL being the 2d floor of "addition in the rear," a room 60 by 32 feet, the octagon part being immediately in front as you enter, and intended for a station of the Grand Master &c.

This room is large and commodious, and will accommodate with the utmost convenience the *Grand Lodge*, should it exceed thrice its present number. You ascend into the third story by a continuation of the same flight of stairs. In this story there are four rooms in the main building which are calculated for the local subordinate Lodges, Committees, &c. besides a spacious anti-chamber from whence you enter the room over the *Grand Hall*, which is to be finished in a suitable manner for the reception of the *Grand Royal Arch Chapter* of the State, and for the use of the *Lexington Chapter* and *Encampment of Knights Templars*.

From the centre of the main building, it is designed to have an elegant Cupola erected, properly proportioned, and suitably decorated. The whole height of which from the ground will exceed 100 feet. Other ornaments to this superb edifice, such as a Balustrade around the main building, Venetian Blinds, &c. &c. will complete the exterior. The interior will be appropriately ornamented, as fast as the funds arising from the Lotteries will justify—which event rests with the friends of the Institution and the public generally; as by their patronage to the new series under Pike's management has its present state of forwardness been effected.

Toasts given at the Masonic Dinner, in honour of Gen. Lafayette, in Baltimore, Dec. 27, 1825.

1. *Our Country*—Supported by wisdom, strength and beauty, established in the West, imitated in the South, respected and admired in the East.

2. The memory of the Master Workman of his age—GEORGE WASHINGTON.

[On offering the following toast, the W. G. Master, in a short but eloquent address, alluded to the many and signal services which had been rendered to this country, during its struggle for liberty, by Gen. La Fayette:]

3. Our illustrious brother, Lafayette he relinquished the honors of the East, to assist in the labors of the West.

[Gen. Lafayette now arose, and in his accustomed feeling manner expressed his gratitude for the many testimonies of esteem and friendship which had been extended towards him and, alluding, to the persecutions which were now suffered by Masons in some part

of Europe be concluded by offering the following toast:

The memory of an illustrious patriot and mason, *Gen. Riego*—may the day soon come when the anniversary of his martyrdom will be celebrated in Spain, so as to atone for the base and ferocious celebration of the present year.

4. *The World*—the Trestle Board on which are sketched the magnificent operations of our Supreme Architect.

5. *The Mysteries of our Order*—a pillar of fire to the Brethren; of clouds and darkness to the uninitiated.

6. *Our Brethren of the South*—may Love, Charity, and Concord, be their motto; *Union* their shield.

After this toast was drank, His Excellency, M. Rebello, Charge des Affaires of the Brazillian government, arose, and in behalf of his brethren of the South, expressed his thanks for the kind wishes manifested towards them. His feelings on this subject, he remarked, he could not better express than by offering the following:

The Government and People of the united states—may they enjoy forever prosperity, peace, and plenty; the necessary offspring of order, energy and religion.

7. *The 19th of October, 1781*—millions of Freemen remember with gratitude, the glorious triumph of the York Mason.

8. *The Temple of Masonry*—its golden gates open but to the magic password, which is deposited in the bosoms of the faithful.

9. *Masonry, the handmaid of Religion*—like Martha and Mary, both devoted to the service of the Master.

10. *The Charity of Masonry*—“the widow’s cruse shall never fail, nor the widow’s son feel want.”

11. *The Memory of Benjamin*

Franklin—a faithful brother and the friend of man.

12. The memory of our late Grand Masters, Coats, Kerr, Crawford, Wirgman and Winder; they wrought faithfully; their work is finished, and they are now receiving Master’s wages.

13. *The Ambition of Masonry*—its principles Philanthropy; its aim the glory and happiness of mankind.

14. *The knowledge of Masonry*—like the mantle of Elijah, it has descended from generation to generation, unimpaired in its beauty, unpolluted in its spirit.

15. *Our persecuted brethren in Europe*—Lux ex Tenebris.*

16. *Woman*—Though not permitted to worship in the masonic temple, she enjoys its protection and its blessings.

VOLUNTEERS

By Br. *Edme Ducatel*. To the memory of the brave ancestor of our beloved and venerated guest, Gilbert De Lafayette, who lost his life at the battle of Poitiers, in 1356, while endeavoring to rescue his King from the hands of the English. From that moment the Chiefs of that illustrious race bequeathed to their descendants their exploits to maintain, and their patriotic devotion to imitate; A noble legacy which the Hero of America, and the friend of man and liberty in both hemispheres has not only preserved inviolate, but gloriously increased; and which he will transmit to his worthy posterity with the additional splendour of his own bright example.

† Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis.

* Light from darkness.—*Trans.*

† The brave are born for brave and good actions, *Trans.*

By Br. Kelly, Senator of the U. S. from Alabama—The soul of the nation; the soul that fills this hall! the pulse that strikes here so strongly, beats with undiminished ardour in every cabin in the western wilds.

By Br. Reynolds. The mighty fabric of our national independence—We this day greet one of its noblest builders, a brother whose work bears inspection.

By Br. Creme, of New-York. The U. S. The asylum of persecuted patriots, adored with wisdom, strength and beauty, having sprung up like light out of darkness, exhibits a brightness that will serve to illumine the nations of the earth in their pathway from the thralldom of oppression on the confusion of anarchy, to the Elysium of freedom.

By Br. R. Lemmon. The Masonic Garden—the secret and faithful heart. Its plants, benevolence, sympathy and affection; its fruits, gratitude to God, peace and good will to man.

By Br. P. Macauley. The Grand Lodges of Tennessee and New-Hampshire;† may their gratitude to the father of the nation be imitated by those of every other state.

By Br. S. Keerl. Is evidence wanted of high, elevated patriotism and disinterestedness of character among Free Masons? We point to Washington, to Franklin and to Lafayette.

Between eight and nine o'clock, the General rose to retire, having first expressed the satisfaction it gave him to spend the day with

† This sentiment is in reference to the resolutions passed by these Grand Lodges, to erect a Monument over the Tomb of Washington, noticed in our last. Ed. Mm.

them. His address was responded by the enthusiastic cheers of the company; and as he passed along the hall, the brethren arose and saluted him with the grand masonic honors.

On Monday the 27th Dec. being the anniversary of St. John the Evangelist, the Masonic brethren of the town and neighborhood met at the Mason's Hall in Winchester, Va. to participate in the feeling which the occasion inspired. An excellent dinner was furnished, at which W. P. M. Lemuel Bent presided, assisted by the worshipful masters of lodges No. 21 and 66. The following toasts were drank.

The memory of the late M. W. G. M. of Virginia, Archibald Magill.

La Fayette. The son of Masonry, the apostle of liberty, next to the apostle of the Gentiles."

De Witt Clinton—The brightest jewels that adorn him are the jewels of Masonry.

Masonry and Liberty—They glory alike in the persecutions or the Holy Alliance.

By Br. Peter Lauck.—May we be entered apprentices in beauty, fellow crafts in love, and masters of our passions.

By Brother Conrad Kremer.—May good report like the sprig of cassia, bloom over the grave of every deceased brother.

By W. Brother Saml. H. Davis.—The Spanish inquisition and Russian ukase—they cannot wrest our secrets from the secret vault.

By Br. Wm. L. Clark.—The masonic level which reduces all the artificial distinctions of society to the standard of virtue and of truth.

Many other volunteer toasts were drank, and the day was spent in the interchange of social and friendly affections.

The treasures of the deep are not so precious
 As are the concealed features of a man
 Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
 Of blessings, when I come but near the house.
 What a delicious breath marriage sends forth—
 The violet bed's not sweeter!

MIDDLETON.

I have often had occasion to remark the fortitude with which women sustain the most overwhelming reverses of fortune. Those disasters, which break down the spirit of man, and prostrate him in the dust, seem to call forth all the energies of the softer sex, and give such intrepidity and elevation to their character, that at times it approaches to sublimity. Nothing can be more touching than to behold a soft and tender female, who had been all weakness and dependence, and alive to every trivial roughness while treading the prosperous paths of life, suddenly rising in mental force, to be the comforter and supporter of her husband, under misfortune, and abiding, with unshrinking firmness, the bitterest blasts of adversity.

As the vine, which has long twined its graceful foliage around the oak, and been lifted by it into sunshine, will, when the hardy plant is lifted by the thunderbolt, cling around it with its caressing tendrils, and bind up its shattered boughs; so it is beautifully ordered by Providence, that woman, who is the mere dependent and ornament of man in his happier hours, should be his stay and solace when smitten with sudden calamity, winding herself into the rugged recesses of his nature, tenderly supporting the drooping head, and binding up the broken heart.

I was once congratulating a friend, who had around him a blooming family, knit together in the strongest affection. "I can wish you no better lot," said he with enthusiasm, "than to have a wife and children—if you are prosperous, they are to share your prosperity; if otherwise, they are to comfort you." And, indeed, I have observed that married men falling into misfortune, are more apt to retrieve their situation in the world than single men; partly because they are more stimulated to exertion by the necessities of the helpless and beloved beings, who depend upon them for subsistence; but chiefly because their spirits are soothed and relieved by domestic endearments, and their self respect kept alive by finding, that though all abroad is darkness and humiliation, yet still there is a little world of love, of which they are monarchs. Whereas a single man is apt to run to waste and self neglect:—to fancy himself lonely and abandoned, and his heart to fall to ruin like some deserted mansion, for want of an inhabitant.

These observations call to mind a little domestic story, of which I was once a witness. My intimate friend, Leslie, had married a beautiful and accomplished girl, who had been brought up in the midst of fashionable life. She had, it is true, no fortune; but that of my friend was ample; and he delighted in the anticipation of indulging her in every elegant pursuit, and administering to those delicate tastes and fancies, that spread a kind of witchery about the sex. "Her life," said he, "shall be like a fairy tale."

The very difference in their characters produced an harmonious combination; he was of a romantic, and somewhat serious cast; she was all

life and gladness. I have often noticed the mute rapture with which he would gaze upon her in company, of which her sprightly powers made her the delight; and how in the midst of applause, her eye would still turn to him, as if there alone she sought favor and acceptance. When leaning on his arm, her slender form contrasted finely with his tall, manly person. The fond confiding air with which she looked up to him, seemed to call forth a flush of triumphal pride and cherishing tenderness, as if he doated on his lovely burthen for its very helplessness. Never did a couple set forward on the flowery path of early and well-suited marriage with a fairer prospect of felicity.

It was the mishap of my friend, however, to have embarked his fortunes in large speculations; and had not been married many months, when, by a succession of sudden disasters, it was swept from him, and he found himself reduced almost to penury. For a time he kept his situation to himself, and went about with a haggard countenance, and a breaking heart. His life was but a protracted agony; and what rendered it more insupportable, was the necessity of keeping up a smile in the presence of his wife; for he could not bring himself to overwhelm her with the news. She saw, however, with the quick eyes of affection, that all was not well with him. She marked his altered looks and stifled sighs, and was not to be deceived by his sickly and vapid attempts at cheerfulness. She tasked all her sprightly powers and tender blandishments to win him back to happiness; but she only drove the arrow deeper into his soul. The more he saw cause to love her, the more tormenting was the thought that he soon was to make her wretched. A little while, thought he, and the smile will vanish from that cheek—the song will die away from those lips—the lustre of those eyes will be quenched with sorrow; and the happy heart, which now beats lightly in that bosom, will be weighed down like mine, by the cares and miseries of the world.

At length he came to me one day, and related his whole situation in a tone of the deepest despair. When I had heard him I inquired, “does your wife know all this?” At the question he burst into an agony of tears. “For God’s sake!” cried he, “if you have any pity on me don’t mention my wife; it is the thought of her that drives me almost to madness.”

“And why not?” said I. “She must know it sooner or later; you cannot keep it long from her; and the intelligence may break upon her in a more startling manner, than if imparted by yourself; for the accents of those we love soften the harshest things. Besides, you are depriving yourself of the comforts of her sympathy; and not merely that, but also endangering the only band that can keep hearts together—an unreserved community of thought and feeling. She will perceive that something is secretly preying upon your mind; and true love will not brook reserve, but feels undervalued and outraged, when even the sorrows of those it loves are concealed from it.”

“Oh! but, my friend! to think what a blow I am to give her future prospects—how I am to strike her very soul to the earth, by telling her that her husband is a beggar!—that she is to forego all the elegancies of life—all the pleasures of society—to sink with me into indigence and obscurity! To tell her that I have dragged her down from the sphere in which she might have continued to move in constant brightness—the light of every eye—the admiration of every

Heart!—How can she bear poverty? she has been brought up in all the refinements of opulence. How can she bear neglect? she has been the idol of society. Oh! it will break her heart, it will break her heart!”

I saw his grief was eloquent, and I let it have its flow; for sorrow relieves itself by words. When its paroxysm had subsided, and he had relapsed into moody silence, I resumed the subject gently, and urged him to break his situation at once to his wife. He shook his head mournfully but positively.

“But how are you to keep it from her? It is necessary she should know it, that you may take the steps proper to the alteration of your circumstances. You must change your style of living—nay,” observing a pang to pass across his countenance, “don’t let that afflict you. I am sure you never placed your happiness on outward show—you have yet friends, warm friends, who will not think the worse of you for being less splendidly lodged; and sure it does not require a palace to be happy with Mary.”—“I could be happy with her,” cried he convulsively, “in a hovel!—I could go down with her into poverty and the dust!—I could—I could—I could—God bless her!” cried he, bursting into a transport of grief and tenderness.

“And believe me, my friend,” said I, stepping up and grasping him warmly by the hand, “believe me, she can be the same with you. Aye, more; it will be a source of pride and triumph to her—it will call forth all the latent energies and fervent sympathies of her nature; for she will rejoice to prove that she loves you for yourself. There is in every true woman’s heart a spark of heavenly fire, which lies dormant in the broad day light of prosperity; but which kindles up, and beams and blazes in the dark hour of adversity. No man knows what the wife of his bosom is—no man knows what a ministering angel she is—until he has gone with her through the fiery trials of this world.”

There was something in the earnestness of my manner, and the figurative style of my language, that caught the excited imagination of Leslie. I knew the auditor I had to deal with; and followed up the impression I had made. I finished by persuading him to go home and unburden his sad heart to his wife.

I must confess, notwithstanding all I had said, I felt some little solicitude for the result. Who can calculate on the fortitude of one, whose whole life has been a round of pleasures? Her gay spirits might revolt at the dark, downward path of low humility, suddenly pointed out before her, and might cling to that sunny region in which they had hitherto revelled. Besides, ruin in fashionable life is accompanied by so many galling mortifications, to which, in other ranks, it is a stranger. In short, I could not meet Leslie the next morning, without trepidation. He had made the disclosure.

“And how did she bear it?”

“Like an angel! It seemed rather to be a relief to her mind, for she threw her arms around my neck, and asked me if this was all that had lately made me so unhappy—but poor girl,” added he, “she cannot realize the change we must undergo. She has no idea of poverty but in the abstract; she has only read of it in poetry, where it is allied to love. She feels as yet no privation; she experiences no want of accustomed conveniences or elegancies. When we come practically to experience its sordid cares, its paltry wants, its petty humiliations—then will be a real trial.”

"But," said I, "now that you have got over the severest task, that of breaking it to her, the sooner you let the world into the secret the better. The disclosure may be mortifying; but then it is a single misery, and soon over; whereas you otherwise suffer it in anticipation every hour in the day. It is not poverty, so much as pretence, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between a proud mind and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you disarm poverty of its sharpest sting." On this point I found Leslie perfectly prepared. He had no false pride himself, and as to his wife, she was only anxious to conform to their altered fortunes.

Some days afterwards he called upon me in the evening. He had disposed of his dwelling house, and taken a small cottage in the country a few miles from town. He had been busied all day in sending out furniture. The new establishment required few articles, and those of the simplest kind. All the splendid furniture of his late residence had been sold, except his wife's harp. This, he said, was too closely associated with the idea of herself; it belonged to the little story of their loves; for some of the sweetest moments of their courtship were those when he had leaned over that instrument, and listened to the melting tones of her voice. I could not but smile at this instance of romantic gallantry in a doating husband.

He was now going out to the cottage where his wife had been all day superintending its arrangement. My feelings had become strongly interested in this family story, and as it was a fine evening, I offered to accompany him.

He was wearied with the fatigues of the day, and as he walked out fell into a fit of gloomy musing.

"Poor Mary!" at length broke, with a heavy sigh, from his lips.

"And what of her," asked I, "has any thing happened to her?"

"What," said he, darting an impatient glance, "is it nothing to be reduced to this paltry situation—to be caged in a miserable cottage—to be obliged to toil almost in the menial concerns of her wretched habitation?"

"Has she then repined at the change?"

"Repined! she has been nothing but sweetness and good humor. Indeed, she seems in better spirits than I have ever known her; she has been to me all love and tenderness and comfort!"

"Admirable girl!" exclaimed I, "You call yourself poor, my friend; you never were so rich—you never knew the boundless treasures of excellence you possessed in that woman."

"Oh, but my friend, if this first meeting at the cottage were over, I think I could then be comfortable. But this is her first day of real experience. She is introduced into a humble dwelling; she has been employed all day in arranging its miserable equipments; she has for the first time known the fatigues of domestic employment—she has for the first time looked around her on a home destitute of every thing elegant, and almost convenient; and may now be sitting down, exhausted and spiritless, brooding over a prospect of future poverty."

There was a degree of probability in this picture that I could not gainsay, so we walked on in silence.

After turning from the main road up a narrow lane, so thickly shaded with forest trees, as to give it a complete air of seclusion, we came

in sight of the cottage. It was humble enough in its appearance for the most pastoral poet; and yet it had a pleasing rural look. A wild vine had overrun one end with a profusion of foliage; a few trees threw their branches gracefully over it; and I observed several pots of flowers tastefully disposed about the door, and on the grass plat in front. A small wicket gate opened upon a foot path that wound through the same shrubbery to the door. Just as we approached, we heard the sound of music—Leslie grasped my arm; we paused and listened. It was Mary's voice in a style of the most touching simplicity, singing a little air of which her husband was peculiarly fond.

I felt Leslie's hand tremble on my arm. He stepped forward to hear more distinctly. His step made a noise on the gravel walk—A bright beautiful face glanced out at the window, and vanished—a light foot-step was heard—and Mary came tripping forth to meet us. She was in a pretty rural dress of white; a few wild flowers were twisted in her fine hair; a fresh bloom was on her cheek; and her whole countenance beamed with smiles—I had never seen her look so lovely.

"My dear George," cried she, "I am so glad you are come; I've been watching and watching for you; and running down the lane, and looking out for you. I've set out a table under a beautiful tree behind the cottage; and I've been gathering some of the most delicious strawberries, for I know you are fond of them, and we have such excellent cream, and every thing is so sweet and still here; Oh!" said she, putting her arm within his, and looking up brightly in his face; "Oh, we shall be so snug!"

Poor Leslie was overcome. He caught her to his bosom; he folded his arms around her; he kissed her again and again; he could not speak, but the tears gushed into his eyes. And, he has often assured me, that though the world has since gone prosperously with him, and his life has been a happy one, yet never has he experienced a moment of such unutterable felicity.

FILIAL AFFECTION.—A TRUE STORY.

In a great seaport in one of the most distant provinces of France, there lived a merchant, who had carried on trade with equal honour and prosperity, until he was turned of fifty years of age; and then, by a sudden series of unexpected and unavoidable losses, found himself unable to comply with his engagements; and his wife and children, in whom he placed his principal happiness, reduced in such a situation, as doubled his distress.

His sole resource in this sad situation, was the reflection, that upon the strictest review of his own conduct, nothing either of imprudence or iniquity appeared. He thought best, therefore, to repair to Paris, in order to lay a true statement of his affairs before his creditors, that being convinced of his honesty they might be induced to pity his misfortunes, and allow him a reasonable space of time to settle his affairs. He was kindly received by some and very civilly by all: From whence he received great hopes, which he communicated to his family; but these were speedily dashed by the cruelty of his principal creditor, who caused him to be arrested and put to jail. As soon as this melancholy event was known in the country, his eldest son, who was about nineteen years old, listening only to the dictates of filial piety, came post to Paris, and threw himself at the feet of the obdurate creditor, to whom he

Painted the distress of the family in the most pathetic terms, but without effect. At length in the greatest agony of mind, he said, "Sire, since you think nothing can compensate for your loss but a victim, let your resentment devolve on me. Let me suffer instead of my father; and the miseries of a prison will seem light in procuring the liberty of a parent, to console the sorrows of the distressed and distracted family I have left behind me. Thus, Sir, you will gratify your vengeance, without sealing their irretrievable ruin." And here his tears and sighs stopped his utterance. His father's creditor beheld him upon his knees, in this condition for a full quarter of an hour.—He then sternly bade him to rise and set down, which he obeyed. The gentleman then walked from one corner of the room to the other, in great agitation of mind, for about the same space of time. At length throwing his arms around the young man's neck, "I find," said he "there is something more valuable than money:—I have an only daughter for whose fate I have the utmost anxiety. I am resolved to fix it; in marrying you she must be happy.—Go, carry your father his discharge—ask his consent—bring him instantly hither—and let us bury in the joy of this alliance, all remembrance of what has formerly happened." Thus the generous gratitude of the son relieved the calamity of the worthy father. The man who had considered wealth and happiness as synonymous terms was freed from that fatal error; and Providence vindicated the manner of its proceeding by thus bringing light out of darkness, and through a short scene of misery, rewarded a virtuous family with lasting peace, in the enjoyment of that prosperity, which they so richly deserved.

CONDITIONS.

1. The Casket is issued monthly, each number containing 16 octavo pages, and 12 numbers making a volume.

2. The price, if paid on the receipt of the first number, is 60 cts. a volume, or if not paid until the close of the volume, it is 70 cents.

3. Any person, who subscribes and pays for five sets, is allowed 20 per cent discount; and for ten sets the commission is 25 per cent. The Postage must be paid by the subscribers.

TO PATRONS.

The Casket is intended to be purely masonic, but in this number we have admitted some miscellaneous pieces, which we hope will give our readers no offence, but serve to amuse them, as "variety is the very spice of life, That gives it all its savor."

Education polishes our nature, produces an evenness of behaviour, and banishes from our manners all extremes.

FROM THE MASONIC CHART.

Of Temperance.

Temperance is that due restraint upon our affections and passions, which renders the body tame and governable, and frees the mind from the allurements of vice. This virtue should be the constant practice of every mason; as he is thereby taught to avoid excess, or contracting any licentious or vicious habit, the indulgence of which might lead him to disclose some of those valuable secrets, which he has promised to conceal and never reveal, and which would consequently subject him to the contempt and detestation of all good masons. * * * *

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MORAL THERMOMETER.

TEMPERANCE.

	Liquors.	Effects.
70	Water,	Health, Wealth.
60	{ Milk and Water, Vinegar and Water, Molasses and Water, Small Beer;	Serenity of mind, Reputation, Long life, and Happiness.
50		
40	Cider,	Cheerfulness.
30	Wine,	Strength and Nourishment, when taken only at Meals, and in Moderate Quantities.
20	Porter,	
10	Strong Beer,	

INTEMPERANCE.

	Liquors.	Vices.	Diseases.	Punishments.
70	Punch,	Idleness.	Gout, Sickness.	Debt.
60	Toddy,	{ Peevishness, Quarrelling.	{ Puking, and tremors of the hands in the morning.	{ Black eyes, Rags.
50	Grog,	{ Fighting, Lying.	{ Bloatedness, Inflamed eyes.	Hunger.
40	Slings,	Swearing.	{ Red nose and face, sore and swelled legs.	Almshouse.
30	Bitters,	{ Obscenity, Fraud.	{ Jaundice, Pains in the Limbs.	Workhouse.
20	{ Rum, Gin, Whiskey, & Brandy in the morning,	{ Anarchy, ha- tred of just government.	{ Dropsy, Epilepsy, Melancholy.	{ Jail, Whip- ping-post.
10	{ Ditto Day and Night,	{ Murder, Suicide,	{ Idiotism, Mad- ness, Palsy, Apoplexy, Death.	{ State Prison, GALLOWS.